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## HEGEL ON THE "CONTENT" (INHALT) OF MUSIC.

THE recent publication of Mr. Bryant's translation of the second part of Hegel's *Aesthetik* ("The Philosophy of Art") calls new attention to his treatment of art, and especially of music. The part of the work now translated does not touch the separate arts, except, incidentally, architecture, sculpture, and painting; it has to do merely with the division of art progress into three epochs: the *Symbolical* (wherein man seizes the ideal imperfectly, and seeks to give it expression by means of a *symbol*, a form having a natural relation to the principal part of the conception, thus giving rise to Oriental art and such half-way productions as the Sphinx, Memnon, etc.); the *Classical* (wherein the beautiful is conceived of as spiritual, though scarcely as living, but rather in eternal and unchangeable form, of which classical sculpture forms the principal example; the distinguishing traits of the classic being the more perfect conception of the beautiful, and the exact expression of it in the form); and the *Romantic* (in which spirit has recognized itself as spiritual and separate from form, and labors constantly to express in art the *beauty of spirit*; that is, the deeper and more internal qualities which come to outward realization only by means of *collisions* between opposing principles).

The nature of beauty, and the content (*Inhalt*) and scope of art in general, come in the first part of the *Aesthetik*. In defining the beautiful, Hegel seems to me not fortunate. He says that "beauty is only a particular utterance and representation of the True." The three chapters of this part of Hegel's work seem to be worth sifting by some competent person. They are on "The Conception [*Begriff*] of the Beautiful in General," "The Beautiful in Nature," and "The Art Beautiful, or the Ideal."

On the scope of art, Hegel is sufficiently broad and deep. He says, *e. g.*, "It is the task and scope of art to bring to our conception and spiritual realization *all that in our thought has a place in the human spirit*; to awaken and to animate the slumbering feelings, desires, and passions of all kinds; to fill the heart, and awaken to consciousness every thing, developed and undeveloped, which human feelings [*Gemüth*] can carry, experience, and bring forth in their innermost and most secret hearts; whatever the human breast, in its manifold possibilities and sides, desires to move and excite; and especially whatever the spirit has in its thought and in the idea of the most essential and high, the glory of

the honored, the eternal, and true,—through all these to reach the feelings and intuitions for the sake of enjoyment. Likewise unhappiness and misery, thus to make conceivable wickedness and criminality; to permit the human heart to share everything horrible and dreadful, as well as all joy and happiness; and fancy at last to indulge itself in vain sports of the imagination, as well as to run riot in the ensnaring magic of the sensuously entrancing contemplations and sensations." All this can be done with effect, he says, because the outer world becomes known to us only through sense-perception; so that whether our attention is taken by the outer reality itself, or only by a representation of it (as a picture, a drawing, or poetry), "by means of which a scene, or relation, or life content of any kind is brought to us," it produces the same effect upon our feelings, arousing within us the corresponding sensation and passion. But I must not linger on this part of the work.

In the third part of the *Aesthetik* Hegel speaks of the content and meaning of the different arts. He traces a suggestive progress in the relation of the *material* in each art to the content. Thus, architecture deals with matter in great masses, seized and controlled by spirit, which leaves on it the impress of its idea. But spirit does not dwell in the mass. In sculpture the mass of material is very much reduced, and the form chosen is the only one in which spirit, as yet, recognizes itself as dwelling. Yet the soul does not dwell within the statue; the marble figure in space is lifeless, dead; out of its sightless eyes no soul looks forth; but it represents the spiritual idea in its permanent or eternal phase,—the repose of the immortal gods. In painting the material is still further reduced, namely, to a mere *appearance* of substance. There is, to be sure, the oil, the paint, the canvas. But these we do not see or think of, only the landscapes, persons, and scenes here represented. As Bernard phrases it,<sup>1</sup> "The true principle, the essential content, the centre of this art, is always the innermost life of the soul." "In the representations of nature, what constitutes the vital interest, the real sense, is the sentiment which beams through it, the reflex of the spirit, the soul of the artist which appears in his work, the image of his inmost thought, or a general echo of our impressions."

These three arts have this in common: that they deal with subjects conceived in terms of *space*, which endure permanently, or seem to do so, as objects distinct from and outside of ourselves. But "in *tone* [says Hegel] music forsakes the element of outward shape and its immediate visibility, and addresses itself to another subjective organ, the ear, which, like sight, belongs not to the practical, but to the theoretic, senses; and is indeed yet more ideal." Hence, "what is represented through music is the last subjective inwardness as such; it is the art of the soul [*Gemüth*], which addresses itself immediately to the soul. Painting, *e. g.*, as we saw, may likewise give expression in physiognomy and shape to the

inner life and energy, the determinations and passions of the heart, the situations, conflicts, and fate of the soul; but what we have always before us in painting are objective appearances, from which the observing *I*, as inner self, remains entirely separate. One may ever so completely absorb and sink himself in the subject, the situation, the character, the form, of a statue or painting; may admire the art work and come out of himself towards it; nay, may completely fill himself therewith,—it matters not! These works of art are and remain independent objects, in review of which we come not beyond the position of an observer. But in music this difference (between the observer and the work) vanishes. Its content is an independent subjectivity, and the utterance brings it not to a permanent objectivity in space, but through its ephemeral vibrations denotes that it is a communicator, which, instead of having a duration of its own, is drawn from the inner and subjective, and exists outwardly only for the expression of the subjective inner. The tone is indeed a form of utterance and an externality; but an utterance which, directly that the externality *is*, makes itself disappear again. Scarcely has the ear seized it than it is gone; the impression which takes its place immediately inwardizes itself; the tone sounds only in the depths of the soul, which is seized in its ideal subjectivity and set in motion."

The general content of music is *emotionality* as such. "It extends itself in every direction for the expression of all distinct sensations and shades of joyousness, serenity, jokes, humor, shoutings, and rejoicings of soul, as well as the gradations of anguish, sorrow, grief, lamentation, distress, pain, regret, etc.; and, finally, aspiration, worship, love, etc., belong to the proper sphere of musical expression." "Music builds up no permanently enduring structure in space; it has, indeed, no permanent existence, but whenever it would speak to us must, as it were, be recreated anew. Yet in its very nature as tone, and through the power of its *motion in time*, it pierces immediately into the inner of all motion, the soul." "Even if music lacks for us a deeper content, or a more soulful expression, even then we delight ourselves simply in the sensuous *klang* and the well sounding; or with an examination of the melodic and harmonic contents as such. Yet, on the other hand, if we refrain from this kind of technical examination of it, and abandon ourselves to the musical art work, it absorbs us completely in itself, and carries us forth with itself, quite otherwise than with the might which art, as art in general, exercises over us. The peculiar power of music is an elementary force; *i. e.*, it lies in the element of *tones*, in which here the art moves. Consequently, in conspicuously easily-moving rhythm, we delight to strike with the measure, to sing with the melody, and in dance music it comes into the very bones."

This results, he says, from "the connection of the subjective inner with *time* as such. The *I* is in the time, and the *time* is the being of the subjective inner itself. Because, now, time and not space furnishes the essential element, in respect to which tone acquires its

<sup>1</sup> Essay on Hegel's *Aesthetik*, Journal of Speculative Philosophy, vol. II., No. 1., St. Louis.

musical value, and the time of the tone is likewise that of the subject, so penetrates the tone immediately, by right of its very foundation, into the self; fastens there its simple design, sets the *I* in motion through the time motion and rhythm, while the other kinds of figuration (melody, harmony, etc.) serve as a determinate filling up of the subject."

There is much more in this great work equally well worthy of citation, and equally noticeable for depth of insight and picturesque and graphic expression. I have not been able to find elsewhere so clear an idea of the place and function of music; and this is the more to be wondered at because Hegel wrote rather in a spirit of prophecy than in view of actual achievement. He was born in 1770, the same year as Beethoven, and I suppose the *Asthetik* was written somewhere about 1812, that is, about the time when Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was only four years old, having been played two or three times in Vienna, and the sixth, seventh and eighth quite new. Nothing of Schubert's work was known at that time. Bach was a sealed book, except the "Clavier" and a few of the organ fugues. Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Schumann were children in pinafores.

That Hegel should have perceived the vital importance of the *time* element in music lends confirmation to my suspicion that the artistic value of rhythm was better understood then than since, especially in its relation to sustained musical discourse.

On other points he is not so complete. The romantic nature of music, its inherent suitability as the voice of love, hope, joy, and worship, he seems to have felt in himself, as well as by means of his logic. But in the detailed discussion of its means of expression, he betrays the hand of the tyro, as well as the fact that he wrote before the real force of music was understood. Vischer's *Asthetik* I have never seen. If now some benevolent student would inform us wherein, if at all, he advances beyond Hegel, I have no doubt it would be a favor to many, as well as to

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

#### LETTERS FROM AN ISLAND.<sup>1</sup>

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

##### IV.

##### RUSSIAN FOLK-SONGS.

DEAR PŪNĀMU!<sup>2</sup>—When the poet Bodestadt spoke of Russian art and folk poetry, in the lecture to which I alluded in my former letter, he did not give any of his own translations of these; and many persons, unacquainted, like myself, with his famous renderings of them into German, regretted it. He made a passing reference to Russian folk-songs, however, and observed that their general character was "sad and feminine."

It is impossible for us to ascertain with certainty how many of these anonymous poems and melodies were actually composed or written by women; yet there can be no doubt that the

influence of woman—inspiring or depressing acknowledged or occult—is the strongest influence that impresses itself on works of art, even on folk-songs, which I may term irresponsible or unconscious works of art. Looked at in the mirror of Russian prose, down to the latest Nihilistic news, Russian women, at least of the middle class, appear to suffer more than Russian men from the present unsettled state of that empire; and the lower class of women must have suffered more, physically and morally, than men, from the degradation of serfdom in the past. Yet every Russian peasant, with mind and heart enough to create a folk-song, must have endured double slavery in his mother's, wife's, daughter's sadness and servitude.

"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink  
Together, dwarfed or god-like, bond or free;  
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,  
How shall man grow?"

Russian folk-poetry is more continuously and monotonously melancholy than that of most folk-songs. Seldom does it rise above earthly care on the wings of supernatural aspiration, or ring with the glowing trumpet-tones of patriotic ardor. Seldom does the Russian sing with careless simplicity of joy or love, or for pure delight in beauty. The serenades are nearly all sad; the lover does not sing to waken his love, but to lull her to sleep, and "to dream of a sweeter future, after the cares of the bitter day." Some of the marriage-songs, and those of callings and occupations, too often remind me of Gogol's satirically sombre sketches, or of the mercilessly, morally realistic scenes in some of Turgenev's novels. The songs of monks and nuns are among the finest; yet these are filled with longings for death, regrets for shipwrecked hopes and lost illusions, echoes of the storms of nature in the repressed cries of the heart. The monk, seeing a bridal train, murmurs, "Alas, again I must pray!" and re-enters the cloister; the nun, praying for the recovery of another woman's spouse, at her request, sighs to think that he was once her own false lover. Here is the complaint of one who has mistaken her vocation:—

"What will end the bitter sorrow,  
Wounded heart, that tortures thee?  
Courage, hope, whence can I borrow?  
Death, despair, alone I see!  
Here I wither, here I perish,  
Like a flower in polar night,  
Where I thought to warm and cherish  
Heart and soul in love and light.  
From the world I fled, believing  
Duty's call my life had crowned;  
Longing, praying, hoping, grieving,  
Heaven I sought, but hell I found!  
Found but falsehood, fraud, and folly,  
Envy, hatred, base deceit;  
And the bridge has vanished, wholly,  
That once heavenward wooed my feet!"

Some of the most deeply despairing of these cloister-songs were written by the monk Innokentij. Perhaps the key to that despair may be found in this song of his,—

"The ice breaks up, the rivers rise,  
Along the shore free Moskva flies,  
In foaming rage wild gushing,  
Swift rushing!  
Heaven, in this mad, tumultuous hour,  
Curb Moskva's dread, destructive power!  
Restrain the flood, strong swirling,  
Wide whirling!  
Let not the pitiless waters gnaw,  
And down to hungry darkness draw  
Yon churchyard by the river,  
Forever!  
There, long, long years ago, they laid  
The best, the sweetest village maid.  
Heart, when will cease thy aching,  
Slow breaking?"

One of the so-called "heroic" songs tells us of the seven sons and seven daughters, each of whom becomes an idiot "through the Al-

mighty will, through love and marriage," as it is—seriously or ironically?—said. Another sings of the hero, that his deeds "filled the heart of his mother with anguish;" another hero asks no one, not even Marsa herself, whether he may woo her, but he carries her off "the moment he saw he loved her." In the two following songs we find pathetic suggestions of peasant-girl life:—

##### I.

"Spake the bogar: 'Fairer maiden,  
Small reward is thine for spinning!'  
Thought he: 'Once within my dwelling,  
Easy task would be thy winning!'  
Spake the bogar: 'Best beloved one,  
Let me press thy fingers lightly!'  
Thought he: 'When the hand is granted,  
Then the heart will follow, rightly.'  
Spake the bogar: 'Ah, thou knowest not  
How one kiss a lover blesses!'  
Thought he: 'If she grants me kisses,  
She will next permit caresses.'  
Spake the bogar: 'Here I pledge thee  
Love and truth, eternal duty!'  
Thought he: 'None the less, to-morrow,  
Will I woo another beauty!'"

##### II.

"From his couch the bogar brave at morn arises,  
Buckles guns and bags and spears about him lightly;  
Goes a-hunting; hoar and deer must be his prizes.  
On his way he whistles; loud the tune, and sprightly.  
From her couch the peasant girl outglides at morning,  
Takes her distaff, broken flax about it clinging;  
Slowly, softly, towards the little cottage turning,  
Low she hums a song, and softly weeps while singing."

Here is a short love-song, with something almost of a morbid "modern society" tone about it; yet it was written by a peasant whose name has been preserved:—

"Alas, my heart, my wounded heart,  
How near art thou to breaking?  
I feign a part, a jester's part,  
Therein no pleasure taking.  
Alas, to bliss that is not bliss,  
My life is wholly given;  
Against each kiss, yes, every kiss  
I yield, my will has striven.  
Why seek from me sweet love? From me  
So wild, so melancholy?  
Your aim I see, smile when I see,  
Then weep, and mock my folly!"

Russians are said to be generally very light-hearted in manner, while the position of their women is said to be now legally superior to that of the women of other nations. Then why the sadness of their national poetry, the gloomy pictures of their greatest living novelist, the discontent of their present politico-social position? It is true that in a collection of national melodies, recently published in St. Petersburg, I find only about two fifths absolutely sad in character; the rest are of cheerful tone, many of them dance-songs. Hummel, sixty years ago or more, discovered a sufficient number of gay wedding-songs to make a very cheerful epithalamium; which he did in his "Polymelos," an arrangement, for voices and orchestra, of Russian folk-songs, dedicated to the queen-mother, Maria Fedorowna. This publication is so rare, and so little known, that I copy for you, as a curiosity, the first, and the only, melancholy air among those he adopted. It closes oddly on the dominant.



Here is one of the prettiest spring-songs I can find in an old and scarce collection. And yet the minor mode prevails in it:—

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1880, by Fanny Raymond Ritter.

<sup>2</sup> Te Pūnāmu (the Pūnāmu), is the Maori name for the Greenstone, which is a product of the Island of New Zealand, and which has always been held in high estimation by the natives, for hatchets, short hand-clubs (for war), as well as for ornaments. It is also rather admired by the European settlers. Te Pūnāmu is the journalistic *nom de plume* of an Anglo-Maori gentleman, to whom the above letter is addressed.





And take this song of happy love; yet even its character is also "sad and feminine!"



But if the greater number of Russian folk-melodies are of a resigned and cheerful, rather than of a melancholy, character, — though possessing the gravity of the old Greek modes, while the words set to them are so very often sad, — this apparent contradiction may be explained by the supposition, that in his poem the maker of the folk-song relates the realities of feeling, or experience, while with his melody he strives to console, to lull, or to cheer his own sense of these sad realities. This may be the reason, also, why so many of these major airs close suddenly in minor, as though hope and courage failed at once in spite of an effort to bear grief with a gay spirit. Let me also translate for you a few extracts from some communications on this subject, written by a traveler in Russia, nearly eighty years ago: —

"The Russian people are, above all things, musical.<sup>1</sup> The peasant, the artisan, lightens his labor by singing a folk-song. If the hardship or the monotony of toil they are forced to undertake is distasteful to them, they sing away their dislike of it. Observe the postilion, for instance. In rain or snow, as in sunshine, he travels thousands of wersts towards the borders of India, or in the direction of the North Pole: like a cloak, his songs enable him to defy the weather. At night he keeps himself awake with singing, but first politely asks the traveler: 'Little father, shall I sing you something pretty?' And if his request is not refused, he continues his traveling songs until he reaches the station. If the traveler cannot sleep while this singing continues, he begs the postilion to be silent, and the concert is at an end; but after having traveled much in Russia, one becomes so accustomed to singing, that one can scarcely sleep without it; and, besides, one is comforted by the reflection that singing postilions do not sleep.

"During the change of horses, or after he has received his *douceur*, he hastes to some singing society 'to practice his voice a little; there I have often found a large company of men, a great-grandfather humming through his long, silver-white beard, and grandfathers, fathers, and sons singing together, the boys imitating the tones, expressions, and gestures of their elders, in folk-songs and romances, whose adventurous subjects, and their melodies, betray their age, or else chanting love-songs not less antique. . . . The wedding-songs sung by women are unique of their kind; melodies on three or four high tones spoken rather than sung. What do you

<sup>1</sup> My readers will remember Robert Schumann's observation, in "Music and Musicians," respecting Col. Alexis Awoff, composer of the Russian national hymn, and adjutant to the Czar, who was a fine violinist, and whom Schumann and Mendelssohn met at Leipzig in 1840. "If there are many such amateurs in the Russian capital some artists may learn more there than they can teach." Prince George Galitzin, who conducted an orchestra in New York a few years ago, was also a finely accomplished musical amateur.

say to their odd custom of singing to the bride for twenty-four hours before the ceremony about the cares and duties of a wife? More necessary, generally, you will reply, in the bridegroom's case than in the bride's; but his attendants sing to him a similar lengthy sermon. *Charmant, n'est-ce pas?* . . .

"When, for the first time, I heard and saw a widow declaiming her woe beside her husband's coffin, as is the custom here, I was deeply moved and surprised. Touched, — for what heart could withstand the influence of such a scene? Astonished, — for who could have expected such thrilling powers of expression in an uncultivated Russian peasant woman? How far behind this fell the most truthfully simulated theatrical sorrow, sung or recited by prima donna or first tragédienne? I doubt whether stage art could ever reach the height of tragic despair, the shuddering, stormy passion, the tender complaint of this Russian peasant's song. What a pity that the custom has not been adopted in European society! Fancy the effect on her masculine listeners, of such a lament, intoned by a handsome modern widow, especially if she heightened her singing by her own guitar accompaniment, and adopted some of Lady Hamilton's elegant and picturesque attitudes! . . . During my residence in Moscow, I took a walk through the city, and happened to pass the government house while recruiting from among the young tradesmen and peasants was going on. A crowd of persons stood at the door, whence I heard a lament intoned. A well-formed peasant girl stood in the midst of the crowd; she had just heard that her bridegroom had been selected as a recruit, and she declaimed her grief with streaming eyes, often striking her head against the wall. As he was led past to swear his affidavit in the cathedral, she looked towards him, and fell to the ground in a swoon."

I believe that we can better understand the character of a people from their folk-songs, than from their laws, customs, dress, or their merely spoken language. The folk-song is a more intimate and certain guide, and the historian who has not studied this, only half understands the people he writes about, even if he be thoroughly familiar with their language. There are few English-speaking people who, when the word "Cossack" is mentioned, do not at once associate it with the idea of a cruel, half-savage northern bandit; yet the inhabitants of the Ukraine are the most musical in the Russian empire, and few folk-songs breathe softer and more tender feeling than some of those of the Ukraine; while through some others free airs from the immense and sonorous steppe, laden with the perfume of wild flowers and aromatic herbs, seem wafted. I will give you a prose translation of one: "Alas! the young shepherd is slain! He prays that they will bury him in his pasture, behind the fold, where in his sleep he may perhaps still hear the voices of his faithful dogs. Then he begs his soft little flute of beech-wood, his sad little flute of bone, his fiery little flute of elder-wood, not to tell the sheep that their master has been murdered, lest they should die, mourning for him with tears of blood. But let them say that he is now wedded to a proud queen, the adored mistress of all noble men, Liberty! At the wedding, the sun and moon carried the crown; the oaks and pines were witnesses; the high mountains were the priests; the birds, by thousands, the musicians; and the stars bore the torches."

Here is another, which, not so much, perhaps, for its superior beauty, as because it appeals more to womanly fancies, I long ago took the trouble of translating. Yet I will confess that this is a free translation, and that two or three of the verses did not entirely originate in the Ukraine!

Ah, why, my silken hair,  
So richly flow thy tresses fine and fair,  
If not, in their waves, flower-wreaths and gems to wear?  
Ah, why, my slender feet,  
So proudly arched, so strong and light and fleet,  
If not in the dance a bounding rhythm to beat?  
Ah, why, my lips, your bloom,  
Smiles, kisses, sighs, and jests, and health's perfume,  
If not with your spells to banish evil gloom?  
Ah, why, my sparkling eye,  
With morning sun and midnight shadow vie,  
If not on another, magnet power to try?  
Ah, why, my busy hand,  
So pink thy palm, thy touch so light and bland,  
If not in some life to weave joy's gay garland?  
Ah, why, my rounded arm,  
So satin smooth, so lithe, so rosy warm,  
If not in some fate to wind Fate's chiefest charm?  
Ah, why, my thrilling voice,  
So passionate or tender, at thy choice,  
If not with thy songs to bid some soul rejoice?  
Ah, why, my happy sprite,  
So fountain-freshly flow thy fancies bright,  
If not his delight to wake with thy delight?  
Ah, why, my heart, thy glow  
Of Etna-fire beneath a veil of snow,  
If not for one heart to burn through bliss and woe?

I have now before me a singular representation, — a reproduction, from a picture by Josef Brandt, in the Koenigsberg Museum, of the figure of a Cossack of the Ukraine in the seventeenth century, armed and mounted, and apparently on the point of combat. Rough and unkempt are steed and rider; arms and accoutrements primitive and worn; the contour of the man's head is essentially combative, his hands and arms are enlarged by labor, yet wasted by privation. But in his formless cap he wears a flowering spray; and, as he rides, he carelessly plays a tasseled bandura, — an instrument somewhat similar to the antique lute, and used in the Ukraine; — he seems to sing through his wind-blown beard, while tenderness and regret speak from his dreaming eyes, that gaze beyond a limitless horizon, seeing nothing save some happy or unhappy past; not the battle before, not the birds of prey that slowly follow him! And the eye of the large-jointed animal that carries him also expresses patience and fidelity. This rough soldier is surely, at this moment, recalling an old folk-song, or inventing a new one; and certainly its character is, or will be, that of most Russian folk-poetry and music, "sad and feminine," yet stamped with a brave, or, at least, a melancholy resignation to the decrees of Providence. Yours faithfully,

F. R. R.

## LISZT.<sup>1</sup>

[From Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.]

THE following is a catalogue of Liszt's works, as complete as it has been possible to make it. It is compiled from the recent edition of the thematic catalogue (Breitkopf & Härtel, No. 14,373), published lists, and other available sources.

### I. ORCHESTRAL WORKS.

#### 1. ORIGINAL.

1. Symphonie zu Dante's Divina Commedia, orch. and female chorus; ded. to Wagner. 1. Inferno; 2. Purgatorio; 3. Magnificat. Score and parts. B. & H.<sup>2</sup> Arr. for 2 P. Fs.
2. Eine Faust-Symphonie in drei Charakterbildern (nach Goethe), orch. and male chorus; ded. to Berlioz. 1. Faust; 2. Gretchen (also for P. F. 2 hands); 3. Mephistopheles. Score and parts; also for 2 P. Fs. Schuberth.
3. Zwei Episoden aus Lenau's Faust. 1. Der nächtliche Zug. 2. Der Tanz in Der Dorfchenke (Mephisto-Walzer). Score and parts; also for P. F. 2 and 4 hands. Schuberth.
4. Symphonische Dichtungen. 1. Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne; 2. Tasso. Lamento e Trionfo; 3. Les Préludes; 4. Orpheus (also for organ); 5. Prometheus; 6. Mazeppa; 7. Festklänge; 8. Héroïde funèbre; 9. Hungaria; 10. Hamlet; 11. Hunenschlacht; 12. Die Ideale. Score and parts; also for 2 P. Fs. and P. F. 4 hands. B. & H.

<sup>1</sup> Continued from page 18.

<sup>2</sup> B. & H. = Breitkopf & Härtel.

5. Fest-Vorspiel, for Schiller and Goethe Festival, Weimar, 1857. Score, Hallberger.
6. Fest-Marsch, for Goethe's birthday. Score and part, also for P. F. 2 and 4 hands. Schubert.
7. Huldigungs-Marsch, for accession of Duke Carl of Saxe-Weimar, 1853. Score; and for P. F. 2 hands. B. & H.
8. "Vom-Fels zum Meer": Patriotic march. Score and parts; also for P. F. 2 hands. Schlesinger.
9. Künstler Fest-Zug; for Schiller Festival, 1856. Score; and for P. F. 2 and 4 hands. Kahnt.
10. "Gaudemus Igitur": Humoresque for orch. soli and chorus. Score and parts; also for P. F. 2 and 4 hands. Schubert.

## 2. ARRANGEMENTS.

11. Schubert's Marches. 1. Op. 40 No. 3; 2. Trauer-; 3. Reiter-; 4. Ungarischer-Marsch; Scores and parts. Fürstner.
12. Schubert's Songs for voice and small orch. I. Die junge Nonne; 2. Gretchen am Spinnrade; 3. Lied der Mignon; 4. Erlkönig. Score and parts. Forberg.
13. "Die Allmacht," by Schubert, for tenor, men's chorus, and orchestra. Score and parts; and vocal score. Schubert.
14. H. v. Bülow's Mazurka-Fantasie (Op. 13). Score and parts. Leuckart.
15. Fest-March on themes by E. H. zu S. Score; also for P. F. 2 and 4 hands. Schubert.
16. Ungarische Rhapsodien, arr. by Liszt and F. Doppler: 1. in F; 2. in D; 3. in D; 4. in D minor and G major; 5. in E; 6. Pester Carneval. — Score and parts; and for P. F. 4 hands. Schubert.
17. Ungarischer Marsch, for Coronation at Buda-Pesth, 1867. Score also for P. F. 2 and 4 hands. Schubert.
18. Rakoczy-Marsch; symphonisch bearbeitet. Score and parts; also for P. F. 2, 4, and 8 hands. Schubert.
19. Ungarischer Sturm-Marsch. New arr. 1876. Score and parts; also for P. F. 2 and 4 hands. Schlesinger.
20. "Szózat" und "Hymnus" by Béni and Erkel. Score and parts; also for P. F. Rózsavölgyi, Pesth.

## II. FOR PIANOFORTE AND ORCHESTRA.

## 1. ORIGINAL.

21. Concerto No. 1, E-flat score and parts; also for 2 P. Fs. Schlesinger.
22. Concerto No. 2, in A. Score and parts; also for 2 P. Fs. Schott.
23. "Totten-Tanz." Paraphrase on "Dies Irae." Score; also for 1 and 2 P. Fs. Siegel.

## 2. ARRANGEMENTS, P. F. PRINCIPALE.

24. Fantasia on themes from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens." Score; also for P. F. 2 and 4 hands, and 2 P. Fs. Siegel.
25. Fantasia über ungarische Volks-melodien. Score and parts. Heine.
26. Schubert's Fantasia in C (Op. 15), symphonisch bearbeitet. Score and parts; also for 2 P. Fs. Schreiber.
27. Weber's Polonaise (Op. 72). Score and parts. Schlesinger.

(Conclusion in next number.)

## BERLIOZ'S "THE DAMNATION OF FAUST."

(From the New York Tribune, Feb. 15.)

DR. DAMROSCH accomplished last night an undertaking of extraordinary distinction. He produced for the first time in America "The Damnation of Faust," one of the most characteristic, if not the most colossal, of the greater works of Hector Berlioz; and the performance was witnessed, with the liveliest interest and with many manifestations of delight, by an audience which filled Steinway Hall to overflowing. . . .

Berlioz had very little comprehension of Goethe, and when he undertook to make a libretto for his "dramatic legend" out of fragments of "Faust," he showed his lack of sympathy with the original, not only by his deviations from the poem but by his selections from it. This, however, is not a grave fault. He did not try to follow Goethe; he pleads, with perfect justice, that he was not obliged to; and "The Damnation of Faust" ought to be judged by its intrinsic qualities, without reference to the poet's ideal. We must take it as a series of splendid scenes, chosen for their picturesque effects and strong contrasts, rather than with any consistent dramatic purpose. They are joined together with such extraordinary art that every number seems to flow naturally and easily into the next, and yet the separate movements, — the reveries and aspirations of Faust, the rustic song and dance, the gorgeous march, the Easter Hymn, the

bacchanalian revels, with the burlesque fugue, the wonderful slumber song, the ballad and plaint of Margaret, the fairy music, the superb love duet, the ride to hell, the chorus of angels, are wholly independent. Indeed, so far was the composer from aiming at the development of a clear poetic idea that he boldly carried Faust into Hungary for the sake of introducing his arrangement of the Hungarian Rakoczy March, because it had proved very "effective" in the concert-room; and not content with using it once he employed the same theme again, somewhat disguised, in an incantation scene where it has no dramatic reason. In this passage, where Mephistopheles calls up the will-o'-the-wisps to "charm the maid with baneful lights," Berlioz caused the devil to sing in Hungarian — a direction which was not observed last night. Little as the Rakoczy theme has to do with Faust the effect, both of the March and of the infernal Minuet, is unquestionably good in this glowing series of tone-pictures. We cannot say the same of the Song of the Rat and the Song of the Flea, with their grotesque imitations by the orchestra; nor for the horrors of the final pandemonium. These numbers illustrate the besetting sin of Berlioz, which was bad taste. Like certain passages of the "Fantastic Symphony," they recall that dreadful chapter of his autobiography, which describes the burial of the second wife. He was miserable and unfaithful in both his marriages; and when he tells of the removal of the body of the first unhappy woman to the side of the second, he takes us into the charnel-house with him, and tears open the coffin, and compels us to look on while the fair Ophelia is carried away in pieces, — not forgetting meanwhile to observe the agony of M. Berlioz, who is truly a person of sensibility.

But whatever may be the faults of his method of dramatic composition, — the tempestuous passion which left him only broken moments of repose, the tendency to exaggeration which hurried him far beyond the proper boundaries of romance, — nobody can deny to Berlioz an immense force and grandeur, of which the "The Damnation of Faust" furnishes an impressive example. Heine compared Berlioz to "a colossal nightingale." His music reminded the poet of gigantic forms of extinct antediluvian animals, fabulous empires filled with fabulous sins, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the stupendous temples of Nineveh. Mystery, magnificence, and awful magnitude are here; and we recognize all the characteristics which Berlioz himself called the dominant qualities of his music, — passionate expression, internal fire, rhythmic animation, and unexpected changes. His melodies are not fluent and spontaneous, but they are full of intense meaning; his rhythms are startling and irresistible; his skill in the indication of fine shades of expression is exquisite. His surprising and delicious combinations of instruments of different qualities show a keen sense for the color of tones analogous to the delicate ear which certain poets possess for fascinating rhymes and the musical collocation of words. This gift distinguishes his treatment of the voice as well as of the orchestra; and some of the happiest effects in the choruses of "Faust" are attributable far less to the melodic design than to the composer's rare knowledge of what he calls "vocal instrumentation." In the technical management of the orchestra he surpasses all other composers except Wagner. His instinct in selecting for each phrase the exact instrument that best suits it is infallible. Witness the beautiful picture of the waking morning in the introduction, painted in delicate neutral tints; witness the brutal "Amen" fugue of the half-drunken students, where the composer avoids every instrument that gives a clear tone, and uses the heavy utterances of the viola, bassoon, tuba, and double bass; witness the dainty devices of the Dance of Sylphs, dying away until the pianissimo ends with the softest of notes on the kettledrum — a delicious little touch which nobody else perhaps would have thought of, yet now nothing else seems possible in that place; witness, above all, the wonderful instrumentation of the whole of Margaret's second song, in which the English horn takes the leading part, and the orchestra seems to be the echo of sorrowful voices.

Berlioz divides and groups instruments in the most ingenious ways; he multiplies the parts which separate and interlace in harmonies of ravishing beauty; he combines different rhythms — harmonizes them, so to speak — with astonishing boldness. In a word, his melody, rhythm, harmony, instrumentation, all are rich, varied, ingenious, poetical. Alas! that a musician so highly gifted should not have known how to avoid excess, and in the pursuit of an imaginary freedom and picturesqueness should so often, as Wagner complained, have allowed the sense of beauty to escape.

With regard to the performance last night — the fullness and force of the chorus, the animation of the orchestra, and the merits of the four solo singers — we have only to repeat the praise which we gave after the rehearsals. Mr. Jordan, who took the very trying rôle of Faust, has just left a 'sick-bed, and his voice was not so clear as at the private rehearsal on Wednesday, but he deserves a warm acknowledgment for the intelligence and spirit of his interpretation. He was especially good in the duo and trio of Part Third; and here, too, Miss Sherwin's pure and sympathetic voice was heard to particular advantage. The lady was also fortunate in her best song, "My Heart is Heavy," into which she threw a great deal of true feeling, and her singing was always in excellent taste. Mr. Remmert was in the best of voice and spirits; and Mr. Bourne gave his Rat Song and his short solo in the epilogue to the entire satisfaction of listeners. The audience went away in a state of exultation, with loud cheers for the conductor.

## THE ARCHIVES OF FRENCH OPERA.

A WRITER in the *Nation* says: High up in the top of one of the side semicircular pavilions of the magnificent Opéra of Paris, six or seven stories above the level of the surrounding streets, are the ample apartments set aside for the archives and the library. After the daring visitor has entered the stage door and mounted the seemingly interminable steps, he comes out into long corridors lined with presses in which are stored the many precious musical manuscripts of the Opéra, acquired during its two hundred years of existence; in glazed cases on the top of these presses are exposed certain of the more curious autographs. The musical manuscripts, and all the music in fact, printed or engraved, are under the care of M. Théodore de Lajarte, and he it is who has prepared the "Catalogue de la Bibliothèque Musicale du Théâtre de l'Opéra," now at last completed by the recent publication of the seventh and eighth parts. It forms two stout volumes of over seven hundred pages in all, made doubly useful by an index of forty pages to all works brought out at the Opéra. The seventh part, covering the time from the first performance of the *Propète*, in 1849, to the middle of 1876, is in many respects the most interesting. In it we are reminded that M. Emile Augier once wrote an opera-libretto, *Sapho*, for which M. Gounod composed the music, and it was a failure; we note that M. Offenbach, in 1860, wrote the music of a ballet, *Le Papillon*, for which the celebrated dancer, Marie Taglioni, composed the dancing, and it, too, was a failure. Apropos of ballets, it is with some surprise that the name of Théophile Gautier is seen so often as the author of ballet librettos; his beautiful *Giselle*, for which Adolphe Adam composed the music, is an excellent example of the skill with which, catching at a suggestion of Hoffmann's, he could put a fanciful and fantastic subject on the stage. Among the opera-librettists the name of M. Got, the great comedian of the Comédie-Française, is twice to be found. M. Lajarte's mention of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, which had three noisy performances in 1861, shows that the French are beginning to get over their extreme dislike for the German composer's work. "We ought to confess that his score contains beauties of the first rank in the midst of ridiculous insanities. The summary justice inflicted on it by the Parisian public is, consequently, a fault we shall not try to excuse." To the seven parts before the last are prefixed portraits, etched by M. de Rat, and at times a little thin and hard, of the seven typical musicians of the two centu-



ries of French opera — Lully, Campra, Rameau, Gluck, Spontini, Rossini, and Meyerbeer. The eighth part has an etching, also by M. de Rat, of the ample oval room, at the top of the pavilion, in which is now ranged the dramatic, operatic, terpsichorean, and generally theatrical library of the Opéra, under the care of M. Nutter, the archivist. This collection is perhaps the best theatrical library in Paris, and it is rapidly growing. Both English and German drama and dramatic biography are well represented in it, and it is generally more cosmopolitan than French collections usually are. M. Nutter himself is our authority for saying that, as soon as he has filled a few more vacancies, he proposes issuing a catalogue, which will certainly be one of the most important in its class. We are informed that he is desirous of receiving all American publications in his line, and we happen to know by experience that both M. Nutter and M. Lajarte are cordial in their welcome to Americans.

### MUSIC ABROAD.

LONDON. The chief theme of interest during the present musical season, thus far, has been the Shakespearean Comic Opera, *The Taming of the Shrew*, by Goetz, as given by Carl Rosa's troupe. Out of many glowing accounts of it, we select, as one of the shortest, the following from the *Examiner* of Jan. 17 (before the performance):—

"Notwithstanding the utterly incomplete rendering of Goetz's opera when first produced at Drury Lane, eighteen months ago, there can be no question that in affording a preliminary study it placed at a great advantage all who will hear the music for the second time next Tuesday, at Her Majesty's Theatre. Like all true inspirations of genius, and as such we cannot hesitate to recognize it, *The Taming of the Shrew* grows upon the listener with further acquaintance, and every advance towards familiarity with its music reveals fresh beauties. It can hardly be said to fascinate at the outset. Rather is one struck by the thorough earnestness and power with which the composer has grasped his subject, his individuality of style, and the rich flow of melody running alike through voice parts and orchestra. When all is known and understood it is simply delightful to note the extraordinary skill with which Goetz has worked out and elaborated the various divisions of his score; to listen to the charming phrases that constitute the 'leit-motives,' as they appear and reappear with ever-changing effect; to marvel at the splendid grouping of the choral and concerted pieces; and, above all, to revel in the masterly orchestration—tuneful and piquant as it is full of scholarly device—with which the composer has enriched his score. All who heard his symphony in F will have been prepared for the 'polyphonic' style, which is this musician's chief characteristic; but, clever as the score may be, no one can say that aught in *The Taming of the Shrew* smells of the lamp. Here, in fact, is an opera which may well form a model for composers of the future. They will find originality, without any outrage of orthodox forms. They will find every character possessing appropriate means of expression—each, as it were, with distinctive music of its own; and they will find, too, that it is quite possible to write a comic opera in four acts that need never for a moment become tedious to a fairly attentive and appreciative audience.

"The German libretto of *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung* is by J. Viktor Widmann, who very properly describes it as 'freely arranged' from Shakespeare's comedy. The order of the scenes is changed, many are left out, and others are compressed, with considerable gain of effect for operatic purposes. No fault can be found with this; but the English translation of the Rev. J. Troutbeck is not a thing to be accepted without protest. This gentleman appears to have made up his mind to have as little as possible to do with Shakespeare, and to rely almost exclusively on his own powers of adaptation, which are very poor indeed. The task may not have been an easy one, but something better than a mere literal translation of German sentences, with occasional incongruous mixtures of prepositions, adverbs, and conjunctions, might surely have been managed. Fortunately, however, Shakespeare's comedy will be at home here, and still more fortunately the success of Goetz's *chef-d'œuvre* will not depend on a comprehension of Mr. Troutbeck's version of the libretto. Whether the public take quickly to the music remains to be seen; but that cultivated opera-goers will at once recognize its claims we feel convinced. Apart from the general features of excellence already mentioned there are numbers in the work that require no second hearing to confirm as gems of the purest melody. Among these we may

point out, in the first act, the duet between Lucentio and Bianca, and the soliloquy in which Petruchio determines to undertake the taming of Katharine; in the second, Katharine's song, 'Ich will mich Keinem geben,' her subsequent duet with Petruchio, and the quintet that concludes the scene; in the third, conspicuously, the opening quartet, Baptista's welcome to his guests, and the succeeding chorus—all charming pieces of writing, while the scene between Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca is worthy of Rossini in his best mood. Equally fine, in their way, are the remaining parts of this third act, which further includes the wedding and arrival of the newly-married pair at Petruchio's house. The famous scene with the tailor and servants in the last act is treated in masterly fashion; and from this point to the end of the opera, as if Goetz had now thoroughly warmed to his task, every phrase is instinct with genius and true musical feeling. A glorious duet between Petruchio and Katharine—shrew no longer, but loving and obedient—is followed by a septet full of rich harmony, and this leads up to the final chorus of joy and triumph, a fitting climax to a really noble work."

The opera seems to have been an unqualified success, and it was repeated during the week. The *Musical World* says:—

"A more attentive and intelligent audience has rarely assembled within the walls of Her Majesty's Theatre. The performance, under Signor Randegger's direction was admirable from first to last. The cast of the *dramatis persone* was, in all instances, highly efficient, while the orchestra and chorus left little or nothing to desire. Miss Minnie Hauk, as Katharine, has added another Carmen to her repertoire—more than which, her inimitable performance of Bizet's gypsy-heroine borne in mind, it would be impossible to say. Miss Georgina Burns is a charming representative of Bianca, Katharine's less impetuous sister. Mr. Walter Bolton is an excellent Petruchio, and all the subordinate parts are adequately filled."

The career of the composer, his struggles and his premature decease, are already familiar to many music-lovers. *Figaro* tells us:—

It is curious, too, that there are two other opera-writers named Götz still living in Germany. Carl Götz is a chorister at Breslau, and he has written a five-act romantic opera, entitled "*Gustavus Wasa*," which has not succeeded either at Weimar or Breslau. Frederick Götz, a violinist, a native of Neustadt, and a pupil of Spohr, has also written an opera, "*The Corsairs*," which fourteen years ago failed at Weimar. Hermann Götz, the composer of "*The Taming of the Shrew*," was a native of Königsberg, where he was born in 1840. He studied in his native town under Ludwig Köhler, afterwards at the Berlin Conservatoire under Stern, and subsequently under Herr Ulrich and Dr. Hans von Bülow. At the age of twenty-three he accepted the post of organist, recently vacated by Kircher, at Winterthur, near Zurich in Switzerland, and it was here that "*Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung*" was first sketched. For a dozen years, however, Götz was compelled to bear his disappointment as best he could. No manager would accept his work, and although his piano trio, his three duets for piano and violin, and his piano quartet had been brought out, no publisher would risk the heavy expense of printing his opera. At last his opportunity arrived, and "*The Taming of the Shrew*" was brought out at Mannheim on October 11, 1874. Then did the despised composer suddenly awake to find himself famous. The managers who had snubbed him were at his feet, the publishers begged for scraps from his pen. The success of "*The Taming of the Shrew*" was pronounced and decisive, and the work speedily ran through the leading theatres of Germany, being added to the general repertory at Vienna, Berlin, Leipzig, and other places. But the hard work, the troubles, the sorrows, and disappointments of former years soon told on the health of Herr Götz. Two years after his first and only success he passed away in a little village near Zurich, leaving the third and last act of his second opera, "*Francesca da Rimini*," to be finished by Herr Franck, conductor of the opera-house at Mannheim.

—ALTHOUGH the list of artists engaged for the Royal Italian Opera season is not yet definitively settled, it is at least likely that Madame Pauline Lucca will return to play the part of *Carmen*, at Covent Garden. At present, Mlle. Bloch, who made so great a success last year, does not seem to be engaged; but it is settled that Madame Albani will positively return to the opera. The list of names also include Mesdames Patti, Scalchi, Mantilla, and Corsi; Mllea. Valleria, Turolla, Pyk, Schoen, Sonnino, Ghiotti, Pasqua, and Peppina de Malvezzi (a *débutante*); MM. Engel and St. Athos (*débutants*), Nicolini, Marini, Corsi, Sabatier, Manfredi, Gayarre, Graziani,

Cotogni, Maurel, Lassalle, Ughetti, Gailhard, Silvestri, Ciampi, Capponi, Caracciolo, Raguer, Vidal, and Scolaria. The novelties are not yet settled, but it is not unlikely that *Norma* will be revived for Madame Albani, while there is a talk of producing one of the *Nibelungen Ring* series. Two entirely new operas will, at any rate, be given. The season will begin on or about Tuesday, April 13, and will last, at any rate, till July 10, and perhaps to the 17th.

—To show what composers are popular in Great Britain, a statistician has compiled, for the list of the chief performances of the last year, the following figures:—

In choral works Handel heads the list with one hundred and ten performances, sixty-two of which are of the *Messiah*. Mendelssohn is next, with seventy-four performances, twenty-eight being of the *Elijah*. Sterndale Bennett comes next with forty performances (thirty of the *May Queen* and ten of the *Woman of Samaria*). Haydn next, with twenty-seven, fifteen being of the *Creation*. Rossini follows with sixteen, thirteen being of the *Stabat Mater*. Macfarren fourteen, ten of the *May Queen*. Then come Beethoven, Barnett, and Sullivan, with twelve performances each; Mozart with ten; Cowan with nine; and Spohr, Romberg, Weber, Schubert, and Henry Smart with five each; Cherubini, Schumann, Bendict, Gounod, Barby, and Roots are credited with three performances each, and several others with one each. It must, however, be stated that difficulties exist against the performance of works by such writers as Weber, Schubert, Cherubini, Schumann, and others in country towns, and besides the list is probably incomplete.

At the Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts, however, no such difficulties stand in the way. The performers are the best of their sort, and the audiences are drawn from the pick of the flower of amateurs of chamber-music in this country. It is therefore by no means astonishing to find Beethoven heading the list during the past year with forty-one performances, followed, afar off, by Mozart, fourteen; Schumann, thirteen; Haydn, eleven; Schubert, eleven; Mendelssohn, ten; Chopin, nine; Bach and Brahms, five each; Spohr and Rubinstein, four each; Handel, Cherubini, Götz and Saint-Saëns, two each; and eleven other writers with one each. — *Correspondent of Musical Review*.

—The Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace were resumed January 31, when the directors wisely took advantage of the anniversary of Schubert's birth to form their programme entirely of the works of that master. The scheme, indeed, very appropriately began with the first, and ended with the last, symphony of Schubert, concerning each of which a romantic tale may be told. Schubert's first symphony, a single movement of which was performed for the first time in England on Saturday, is an item of the "far richer booty" of which Robert Schumann so eloquently spoke. A note at the end of the score tells us it was written in 1813, when Schubert was sixteen, and not as Mr. Grove, by an obvious error of calculation, avers, when the composer was "far on towards eighteen." Schubert at that time could but a few months before have quitted the Konvictschule attached to the Emperor's chapel at Vienna, and there he had the great advantage of hearing the works of Haydn, Mozart, and others of the older masters performed at the daily practices by the school orchestra. That he was miserably impecunious is known by a letter quoted by Mr. Grove, in which poor Franz begs his brother for a few pence to buy bread, and also by the notorious fact that many of his inspirations of that period were lost, owing to the inability of the lad to buy music paper to put them down. However, there is little doubt but that this was Schubert's first symphony, and the fragment which Mr. Grove vouchsafed us on Saturday raised sufficient interest to cause Schubert lovers to wish for the entire work. Scored for a small orchestra, and cast in the recognized form, the most charming point of this section of the symphony is the evidence it displays of the budding Schubert, in the beautiful treatment of the wood wind. Further than this it would hardly be wise to go until the entire symphony—which is still in manuscript—is placed before amateurs. The selection from the "*Rosamunde*" music, comprising the entr'actes in B minor and B-flat, the Shepherd Melody, and the ballet air in G, were admirably played by the orchestra under Mr. August Manns, which also gave a reading of the great C major symphony which even the Crystal Palace band would hardly wish to surpass. Miss Lilian Bailey sang the romance in F minor in the "*Rosamunde*" music, and other songs; Herr Henschel singing also the "*Erl King*." — *Figaro*.

DR. VON BÜLOW introduced at last Monday's Popular Concert a genuine novelty: the first sonata for piano and violin, and one of the latest works written by Johannes Brahms. Although it is somewhat dangerous to judge a work of Brahms at its first per-

formance, a single hearing is sufficient to perceive that the sonata for piano and violin has about it more of the elements of general popularity than many others of Brahms's more exacting compositions. Not only is the sonata of comparative brevity, but its structure is for the most part simple, and it obviously seeks rather to please by its beauty than to astonish by its intricacy. Further than this it would be unwise to go until a second performance is vouchsafed to the public by Mr. Arthur Chappell. If such a performance be given this year, it will, however, be without the assistance of Dr. von Bülow and Madame Néruda, the pianist making his last appearance, and the violinist her last appearance but two, this season, last Monday. — *Ibid.*

**HAMBURGH.** — A "Mozart Celebration" was held at the Stadt Theater, from the 17th to the 27th of January, the composer's birthday. It was a continuous performance of his operas, — a healthy antidote to the Wagner mania! They were given in the following order: *Idomeneus*; *Die Entführung* (followed by *Mozart und Schikaneder*, by Louis Schneider); *Figaro's Hochzeit*; *Don Juan*; *Così fan Tutte*; *Die Zauberflöte*; and *Titus*; supplemented by a grand scenic *Festspiel*, devised for the occasion by Herr Hock.

— A similar historical week dedicated to Mozart's operas was to be held simultaneously in Vienna and in Leipzig.

**LEIPZIG.** — The twelfth Gewandhaus Concert, January 8, again presented two symphonies: Spohr in C minor, and Haydn in C major (No. 7 of the Breitkopf and Härtel ed.). Mme. Joachim sang the aria from *Titus*, with clarinet obligato, the Spanish song by Brahms, "Das Sträusschen," by Dvorak, and "Willkommen und Abschied" by Schubert. Miss Agnes Zimmermann, from London, was the pianist, and played the *Rondo brillant* of Mendelssohn, Prelude and Fugue in E minor of Bach, Nocturne in E, Schumann, Etude in B minor, Mendelssohn. The orchestra also played an Air de Ballet and Gavotte from Gluck's *Iphigenia*.

The novelty at the thirteenth Gewandhaus Concert was a Symphony in C by Herr August Reissmann, who conducted in person. It was performed with great care, but received with comparative indifference. Mlle. Agnes Zimmermann played Sterndale Bennett's Piano-forte Concerto in C minor, a charming Gavotte of her own composition, and other pieces, Herr Carl Schröder, a member of the orchestra, giving Eckert's violoncello Concerto. Both lady and gentleman (lady especially) were warmly applauded. The concert ended with Brahms's "Variations on a Theme by Haydn." — Herren Reinecke and Schradieck have given two concerts, at which they played Beethoven's ten Sonatas for Piano-forte and Violin, five at each concert. The proceeds were devoted to the sufferers by a recent accident in the Zwickau mines.

**VIENNA.** — At a recent Concert of the Philharmonic Society the first performance of an overture to an opera by Franz Schubert, entitled "Des Teufels Lustschloss," created much interest. The work was composed, to a libretto by Kotzebue, between the years 1813-14, when the composer was still almost a boy, and has never been printed. The first and third acts are said to be still in existence, the manuscript of the second having served to light the fire at the house of a friend of the composer. The overture is described as being sprightly and of sound workmanship.

— Herr Josef Joachim is just now engaged upon a most successful concert-tour extending over Austria and some parts of Italy, in conjunction with the Viennese pianist, Herr Bonawitz. At Milan, where the two artists appeared on the 6th of last month and on subsequent dates, their reception has been of the most enthusiastic kind, the eminent violinist creating a *furor* with his Hungarian Concerto and the Hungarian dances.

**BRUSSELS.** — A festival in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Belgian independence will be held this year at Brussels, preparations on a grand scale having already been made. A hall capable of holding some 6000 persons is being erected, where musical performances will take place during three successive days, the first being devoted to old Belgian masters, the third to solo performances and modern Belgian composers, while on the second the choral societies of Antwerp will unite in concert.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1880.

### LA DAMNATION DE FAUST.

THERE seems to be just now, among us as well as the Parisians, what the politicians call a "boom" for Hector Berlioz. To the old impression of unmitigated noise and fury with which a few, doubtless imperfect, renderings of some of his overtures, etc., had prepossessed most of us against his music as that of almost a madman, there have recently succeeded sweeter experiences on hearing his pastoral *Flight into Egypt*, and his song of *The Captive*. And now, while we in Boston have been listening for the first time to his *Symphonie Fantastique* (which is gentle and poetic in the first three parts, at least, though morbid, wild, and like a pandemonium in the last two), New York, through the enterprise and skill of Dr. Damrosch, has been waxing more and more enthusiastic over several performances of one of his greatest works, three hours in length, for chorus, orchestra, and solo voices. We would gladly have been of the Boston party who went on to hear it; but since that was impossible we have copied a large portion of the *Tribune's* excellent review of the performance, and will here add the analysis to which our New York correspondent refers elsewhere.

The legend commences with an *Andante placido* in D major,  $\frac{3}{4}$  time, without any overture. The motive is first given by the violas with no harmony, and then taken up by the wind instruments with Faust (who is meditating in the fields over the new-born spring) and further strengthened by the violins; at last it is interpreted by the full orchestra, in which the piccolo and horns suggest the Ruckozy March and the Rondo of the peasants, and prepare the listener for the subsequent development. The introduction closes with a *pp* symphony of the violins, and leads into the chorus and Rondo of the peasants, which is of a rather gay nature and once interrupted by a G major Presto in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time. At this point Faust appears again with his sad theme (this time in B minor); but he cannot compete with the gayness of the peasants. At last trumpets announce the approach of the army, which passes by to the sounds of the Marche Hongroise, in A minor, splendidly instrumented.

A double bass solo in fugue style (large  $\frac{3}{4}$  time, F sharp minor) initiates the second part, which finds Faust in his study. He sings: "Nothing takes away my sorrow." The accompaniment becomes more lively, the double basses play syncopes, and are followed by the violins. A recitative comes next; the syncopes rise from C major to A major, and fall suddenly with the commencement of the Easter Hymn (*Religioso moderato assai*,  $\frac{3}{4}$  time) upon F major. The Easter Hymn is an exceedingly beautiful chorus, in which Faust takes part with the words: "Memory of happy days." Mephisto, briefly and characteristically introduced, appears and mockingly interrupts Faust's happy mood. Then follows a dialogue, in which Mephisto succeeds in persuading Faust to go with him. This episode offers little musical novelty. Next is heard the chorus of the drinkers (C minor,  $\frac{3}{4}$ ), a piece most interesting and beautiful as regards rhythm, full of vigor and life; and then follows the very original song of Brander: "There was a rat" (D major,  $\frac{3}{4}$ ). The short refrain of the chorus, "As if he had love in his bosom," is of magnificent effect. Then follows an "Amen" fugue, which had better be left uncriticised, since the composer meant it for a joke. It is to be pitied that composers of Berlioz's standing make such jokes; one feels inclined to think of "sour grapes." Mephisto asks the drinkers' permission to sing a ditty, which is granted, and he sings the song of the "Royal Flea" (*allegretto con moto*,  $\frac{3}{4}$ , F major), initiated by a powerful crash in the orchestra. Berlioz goes, perhaps, a little too far in this song as regards painting music, since he puts the task upon the violins to imitate musically the hopping of the much disliked insect.

The most interesting piece of the entire legend is the finale of the second part. It commences with a short orchestral prelude, which imitates the ride of Faust and Mephisto through the air. At the end of this passage, which is mostly executed by wind instruments with high notes, and violins, on the high part of the strings, the violins slowly go down into the lower notes, and Mephisto describes in a quiet and in no way demoniacally written Aria in D ( $\frac{4}{4}$  time) the friendly banks of the Elbe, and then calls upon his serving ghosts to sing Faust to sleep. The next chorus of the Elves is broad and excellently planned. For its basis it has nothing at all of a ghostly nature; but this latter is given by a middle passage in F sharp minor (the chorus is in D), and several features in the accompaniment. After a masterly continued organ-point on the lower dominant (G) the chorus closes softly. But the conclusive deep D is carried through *pp* by the double basses and violoncellos during the whole now following passage, and represents the sleeping Faust. At the same time the muted violins play a pretty dance movement, which is a shortening of the theme of the preceding chorus, and this again is occasionally implicated by chords of high wind instruments and solitary harp tones, together producing a great effect. One imagines the sleeping Faust in reality surrounded by graceful fairies. This orchestral number caused great enthusiasm with calls for repetition; this and the Hungarian Ruckozy March pleased the most of all the scenes. The conclusion of this part is formed by two male choruses in B-flat major, the one sung by soldiers, quite martial and energetic, and the other by students, very characteristic and wild. Both choruses united create a very exciting finale.

In the third part we find Faust in Margaret's room. After a sweet prelude, Mephisto announces her approach. Faust hides behind the curtain, while Margaret sings the "King of Thule" (F major). In this the composer succeeds less than in the humorous passages, but at the same time the obligato accompaniment of the viola (well played by Mr. Frisch) is very effective. After this song the scene changes and we find Mephisto conjuring ghosts before Margaret's house. Here again Berlioz has done some bizarre work. The involved ballet in D contains passages of the wildest effects. Now follows perhaps the most original song of the whole work, Mephisto's serenade in B major, with guitar-imitations, consisting of pizzicato arpeggios of the string quartet. A new finale brings the third part to a close. This commences with a Duo between Faust and Margaret, somewhat in the style of "music of the future," which leads to a trio by the entrée of Mephisto, and is heightened to a good effect by a chorus of citizens and workmen.

The fourth and last part commences with Margaret's song: "My heart is heavy," which falls from the simple and natural poem into a somewhat theatrical tone. The translation consists of nine verses, for which the composer did not repeat the melody, but composed the whole song. After this song the soldiers' and students' chorus is repeated, and is then followed by a recitative of Margaret in which she deplores the absence of the friend. Afterwards Faust is found in a forest, singing of the grandeur of nature, when Mephisto joins him and speaks of Margaret's misery. Faust demands of the devil to save her, which the latter promises after Faust has signed a contract. Both now mount black steeds to rescue the sinner. Here the orchestra splendidly describes the different scenes and incidents. How they pass a way cross before which peasants are praying, how a monster persecutes them, how skeletons dance, etc.

[Here the MS. suddenly comes to an end. Perhaps the missing leaf will follow.]

### MUSIC IN BOSTON.

**HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.** — The fifth Symphony Concert, Thursday afternoon, February 12, drew the fullest audience of the season, partly owing, no doubt, to the novel features of the following programme: —



1. Overture to "Fidelio," in E . . . . . Beethoven.
2. Recitative and Romance: "Selva opaca"  
(*Sombre forêt*), from "Guillaume Tell" . . . . . Rossini.  
Miss Louie Homer.
3. Piano-forte Concerto, in F, Op. 23 ("First  
time in America") . . . . . Louis Brassin.  
*Allegro con fuoco*. — *Andante*. — *Allegro con fuoco*.  
Miss Jessie Cochran.
4. Songs with Piano-forte . . . . . Grieg.  
a. Ich liebe dich.  
b. Waldwanderung.  
c. Erstes Begegnen.  
Miss Louie Homer.
5. Symphonie Fantastique: "L'Episode de la  
Vie d'un Artiste," Op. 14a (First time in  
Boston) . . . . . Hector Berlioz.

Beethoven's bright overture, the fourth and last of the *Leonore* series, was played with spirit and precision, making a wholesome, lively opening, in contrast to the morbidly elaborate work of Berlioz, which formed the last and larger half of the concert. The intervening solo performances were highly interesting. Miss Homer, who sang the part of Penelope so well in the recent performance of *Odysseus* by the Cecilia, appeared now for the second time only in a large concert-hall. Her face and figure, somewhat suggestive of the young Jenny Lind when she grew radiant in the light of her own singing, seemed full of music and a native instinct of lyrical expression, winning sympathy at once. Yet the struggle to conceal her nervousness was but imperfectly concealed. Her voice is of a beautiful quality in the higher tones, sweet, rich, and powerful; but the lower tones seemed to lack substance and were often indistinctly heard; this may have been timidity. We heard the "color" of her voice throughout its principal range compared to that of her golden hair. Her delivery of the recitative from *William Tell* was well conceived, dramatic, and refined; and she sang the noble melody of the Rossini aria sweetly, chastely, and with taste and feeling. The good impression was more than confirmed by her delicate, fine rendering of the poetic little songs by Grieg, to which the rather difficult and by no means commonplace accompaniments were very nicely played by Mr. Preston.

The Concerto by Louis Brassin, a teacher of the piano at the Brussels Conservatory, is a graceful composition of a gentle, pastoral character, musician-like in form and treatment, but of no great strength or intensity in its ideas. It flows on very evenly, and is unique (so far as we know) among concertos by its clinging to the same theme through all three movements. The *Andante*, indeed, is but a continuation, without pause, of the first *Allegro*, only in a slower rhythm, so that when it began most listeners fancied it to be but a momentary slackening of the tempo. This is the most charming portion of the work. The finale, to be sure, starts off with a new and brilliant motive, which, however, proves to be only episodic, for it soon relapses into the original theme, and that rules to the end. The Concerto, as far as the piano was concerned, was well suited to the neat, sure, delicate, and finished execution of Miss Cochran. Had the great hall been equally well suited to her, and had the full orchestral accompaniment been less unremitting, she would have been heard to better advantage. Her interpretation of the work showed taste, intelligence, good culture, and *aplomb*; the only want was of physical strength sufficient to prevail in that great space. But the young lady was playing for the first time with orchestra; she has talent, and her day, no doubt, will come. Great interest was shown in her appearance.

The programme Symphony of Berlioz, of course, was the marked feature of the concert. The programme, or its substance, in Schumann's words, we have already given. It undertakes to describe the dream of a love-sick artist, who has taken opium, and is in five parts, — the first sentimental, the second gay and festive, the third pastoral, the fourth and fifth grim, funereal, ending in the wildest, seemingly chaotic, but by no means formless, Witches' Sabbath. We were agreeably disappointed in the freedom from extravagance, the absence of all noise and fury in the three gentler movements; through them all the noisier brass instruments are held in as abstemiously as in the first two thirds of *Don Giovanni*. In all these move-

ments there are many delicate poetic beauties, charming melodic passages, and many original and lovely combinations and contrasts of instruments, especially the wood wind.

Part I. ("Reveries, Passions") begins *Largo*, in a vague, uneasy, melancholy strain, well answering to the composer's idea of restless love without an object. Then comes in the *melody*, which typifies the loved one, and which becomes the connecting thread throughout the Symphony. This melody is well pronounced and clear, and of considerable length; we must say it seems to us a little studied, artificial, and of a sickly hue. But it answers the end of convenient dismemberment and working up through many ingenious contrapuntal devices. The *Allegro* is impassioned, tender, delirious, peaceful, and serious by turns. Merely as music it is very interesting.

Part II. (The Ball) starts with a fresh and charming Waltz tempo, which grows a little vague as it goes on; but the movement is a happy relief to the dreamy sentiment of the first part. It has two harp-parts, which were here cleverly represented on pianofortes by Messrs. Preston and Fenollosa. The *melody*, the loved one, reappears amid the gay festivity. There is a certain luscious, sensuous tone-coloring throughout.

Part III. *Adagio*, is pastoral, a scene in the fields, opening with a *ranz-des-vaches*, answered in the distance on two English horns. A warm, fresh, charming tone-picture of Nature follows; the dreamer is happy; till she, the melody, appears again, when doubts and fears cross the sunny picture like shadows of dark clouds. Much of this music bears resemblance to passages in the brook-side scene and the finale of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony (Berlioz was full of Beethoven enthusiasm at that time). Then the shepherd melody is resumed but not replied to; for there are sounds of distant thunder, marvellously well rolled up by four tympani and other drums, for which Berlioz, who had studied all such means of effect more carefully than any other man, gives most minute directions in the score. Day dies out in silence. The whole scene was wonderfully graphic, and the hush of the whole audience complete.

Part IV. He dreams he has killed the Beloved and is led to execution. This *Marche du Supplice* brings in brass enough, with all the low and murky reed tones, and combines all sounds that are grim, coarse, ruthless, terrible, and startling. You hear the heavy footsteps, and the confused crowding in of the multitude as the procession nears the fatal spot. A portion of the *March*, however, is in a brilliant and triumphant strain, which sounds like Meyerbeer, but Berlioz was before him. The love melody begins, but is cut short halfway by the fall of the fatal axe! There is a certain terrible fascination in all this; it is done with consummate skill of instrumentation, and great originality of invention; but "Music, heavenly Maid," has fled away when we must listen to such things, and it is not wholesome to hear much of the sort.

Part V. The "Witches' Sabbath Night" is worse, — all pandemonium let loose, in fact. But the worst thing about it is that the *melody*, the ideal object of the dreamer's love, appears in the midst of it sophisticated, tortured, and degraded into a meretricious vulgar dance-tune, full of frills and trills, enough to shock a sensitive imagination; who but a Frenchman could have committed such a profanation even in a dream, or published it in music even if he had dreamed it?

The burlesque parody of the *Dies Ira*, at first given out by the brass in grave plain chorale, with the appalling accompaniment of the *glas funèbre*, or funeral bell (here represented on a grand piano), then put through all sorts of grotesque variations, and finally worked up together with the reckless *Rondo* of the Sabbath, shows wonderful power as a mere sensational extravaganza. Nor is it wholly without form and void; there is a long *fugato* passage, almost a regular fugue, in the course of it, which again suggests Beethoven, that is to say, a similar orchestral passage which occurs during the choral finale of the Ninth Symphony. — The final rout is beyond all power of verbal description.

The conductor (Zerrahn) and orchestra deserve great praise for the really excellent performance of this strange and extremely difficult work after only three rehearsals. All the composer's minute directions in the score were scrupulously observed, so far as it was possible without a much larger orchestra.

EUTERPE. For the third chamber concert, Wednesday evening, Feb. 11, the New York Philharmonic Club (Messrs. Arnold, Gansbach, Gramm, and Werner), were the interpreters of two extremely interesting and well contrasted quartets for first and second violin, viola, and 'cello. The first, Beethoven, No. 10, in E-flat, is exquisitely beautiful and full of subtle and original ideas, especially the *Adagio* with its spiritual variations and development of theme. Those who were somewhat prepared, and who followed the movements closely, were profoundly impressed and delighted; but it is not a thing for superficial, careless hearing. The interpretation was appreciative and well nigh faultless. And so was that of the A major quartet, No. 3 of the three composing Op. 41, by Schumann, which was more readily appreciated by a large portion of the audience.

The fourth concert, Wednesday evening, March 10, offers one of the last quartets by Beethoven, in A minor, Op. 132, and one by Mendelssohn in D major, Op. 44, No. 1, with the same interpreters.

MR. PERABO has given two more matinées or recitals, of pianoforte music during the past week, being himself the sole interpreter. Of these hereafter. He furthermore announces an evening concert for March 8, when he will be assisted by several of the orchestral musicians in the production of an Octet by Bargiel.

## MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, FEB. 23. — Probably the most notable event of the present musical season has been the production of Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* by the Symphony Society. Much money and labor have been expended upon it, and its success, both artistically and pecuniarily, has been most gratifying to the promoters of the best interests of the society. On Wednesday evening, Feb. 11, a full rehearsal was attended by some eighteen hundred people. At the public rehearsal on the next day (Thursday, Feb. 12), the hall was full, and on Saturday evening, Feb. 14, the concert-room was crammed to suffocation. By universal desire the *Damnation* was repeated on Wednesday evening, Feb. 18, and is again to be given on Wednesday evening, Feb. 25. With regard to the work itself I prefer to give no opinion, and I send you herewith a carefully written critique by an accomplished musician, whose acumen is musical, and who is perfectly fearless in expressing his genuine sentiments.

On Thursday evening, Feb. 17, the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society gave its fourth concert with the appended programme: —

- Andante and Fugue, C minor . . . . . Mozart.  
(String Orchestra.)  
Aria: "Il mio Tesoro" . . . . . Mozart.  
(Sig. Baldanza.)  
Fourth Symphony, B flat. Op. 60 . . . . . Beethoven.  
Overture: "Penthesilea," Op. 31 . . . . . Goldmark.  
Aria: "Nasce al bosco" . . . . . Handel.  
(Mlle. Belocca.)

Introduction and Finale to "Tristan and Isolde" Wagner.

The performance of the symphony showed the most careful preparation of any of the orchestral numbers. It was played with great finish and unity of purpose; albeit, Mr. Thomas has some singular whims with regard to tempos. Still, such things are matters of individual conception, and I do not intend to be hypercritical. In the Goldmark overture and in the Wagner selection there were many crudities of execution, and it is to be regretted that they could not have been overcome by more rehearsals than Mr. Thomas can possibly, under the circumstances, give to his programmes. The vocalists were successful in securing encores, and it is to be supposed that this was a gratifying fact to them, even if their efforts were less satisfactory to critical ears.

The stage was adorned, as usual, with exquisite flowers and growing plants, and there was that air of refinement and culture in all the details that at once makes it evident that genuine taste and enthusiasm is the animating spirit in the getting up of these very attractive and pleasurable entertainments. In the fifth concert we shall have Schubert's C major Symphony, Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, and a Slavonic Rhapsody (Op. 45, No. 3) by Dvorak: these for orchestra; the soloists are not yet announced.

On Wednesday evening was the extra performance of

Berlioz's *Damnation*, and on Saturday evening the New York Philharmonic Society's concert with this programme: Adagio and Fugue, C minor . . . . . Mozart. (String Orchestra.)  
Fourth Symphony, B flat. Op. 60 . . . . . Beethoven.  
Piano Concerto, F minor. Op. 21 . . . . . Chopin. (R. Joseffy.)

Introduction and Finale: "Tristan and Isolde" Wagner.

The feature of the evening was Joseffy's delightful interpretation of Chopin's wonderful tone and power. The artist was still suffering from his unfortunate difficulty with the forefinger of his right hand, and he wore upon it a leathern cover to protect it from any sudden knock against the keys. *Handicapped* as he was, he gave us the most delicious rendering of the concerto to which I have ever listened. As I have often said, he never forces the tone of an instrument, but yet every note is perfectly clear and distinct, while his shading is perfection, and his use of the pedal more than perfect. Nothing like his piano-playing has ever been heard in the concerts of this society, and the large and attentive audience gave evidence of its appreciation of this fact by demanding in the most enthusiastic manner the pianist's reappearance; twice he simply bowed and retired in the modest way that is one of his most attractive characteristics, but the applause continuing with unabated fervor and persistence he played Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia (with orchestral accompaniments) in a most superb way. Loud and chaotic as the fantasia is, it really became, under his deft fingers, a marvellously effective and even beautiful work. The insatiable auditors applauded this with even more warmth than they had shown in the first instance (principally because the fantasia was *newer* to their comprehension); but Joseffy, probably wearied by his efforts, declined to play again, although compelled thrice to bow his acknowledgments.

Joseffy is announced for a series of four chamber music concerts to begin on Wednesday, March 3, and to terminate on Wednesday, March 31 (March 24 being omitted); he is also to give a "Chopin night" on Monday evening, March 1. All of these concerts will, of course, take place at Chickering Hall, and will afford a rare musical treat to those who are wise enough to attend them.

I find that I have omitted to mention that on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 18, Mr. T. W. Morgan (organist) and Miss Maud Morgan (harpist) began (at Chickering Hall) a series of five organ and harp matinées to be given on successive Wednesdays and to terminate March 17. At the first matinée the programme included an arrangement of a portion of Beethoven's so-called "Moonlight Sonata," and many other good things. It was not my fortune to be present, but I shall doubtless hear the remaining four matinées, and then can give your readers a better idea of these entertainments, which open up a new field of musical enjoyment.

ARGUS.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 9.—The first Peabody Symphony Concert on the 31st ult. gave the following programme:—  
Ocean Symphony, C major. No. 2. Work

42. . . . . Anton Rubinstein.  
Allegro maestoso. — Adagio non tanto. — Allegro.  
— Adagio. — Allegro con fuoco,  
Andante and Rondo from the violin-concerto.

Work 64. . . . . Mendelssohn.  
Transcribed for the piano by Madame Rivé-King.  
a. Hungarian Rhapsody, C sharp minor.  
No. 2. . . . . Franz Liszt.

b. Songs with piano.  
"Die Vätergruft."  
"Angiolin dal biondo erin."  
"Du bist wie eine Blume."  
Mr. Franz Remmert.

Raid of the Vikings. Overture to a Norse  
drama. Work 25. . . . . Emil Hartmann.  
Composed 1878.

The orchestra, as stated in a former letter, has been increased to about forty-five pieces, and, under the direction of Mr. Hamerik, interpreted the orchestral selections as well as might have been expected for an opening night. Our musicians have so little good orchestral music to play the year round, that it always requires one or two concerts to produce the necessary spirit and put them into proper accord.

Madame Rivé-King played her transcription of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, and the Liszt Rhapsody with wonderful precision and spirit. Her technical ability is great, and she plays with an amount of power quite astonishing for a woman.

Mr. Franz Remmert did not meet with his usual success in the Liszt songs. They were evidently not for him nor he for them.

At the thirteenth Students' Concert on last Saturday evening, the following programme was given:—  
String-trio, C major. Work 87. . . . . Beethoven.

For two violins and viola.  
Messrs. Allen, Fincke, and Schaefer.  
Theme with variations. "The Harmonious  
Blacksmith." . . . . Handel.  
For piano.

Mr. Adam Itzel, student of the Conservatory, third year.  
a. Cavatina from "Figaro's Wedding" W. A. Mozart.  
Miss Rose Barrett, student of the Conservatory, first year.

b. Recitative and Air from "Figaro's Wedding."  
Miss Mary Kelly, student of the Conservatory, first year.  
c. Piano-trio, E-flat major. No. 7.  
For piano, violin, and viola.  
Mr. Ross Jungnickel, student of the Conservatory, fourth year, Messrs. Fincke and Schaefer.

C. F.

CHICAGO, Feb. 21.—Since my last note to the JOURNAL quite a number of small musical entertainments have taken place, and others have been announced as being of uncommon interest. Mr. Emil Liebling gave a piano-forte recital in the early part of the month, at which he performed, besides a number of smaller pieces, the F minor concerto of Chopin, and with Messrs. Lewis and Eichheim, a Trio by Haydn. He was accompanied in the Concerto by a string quartet and a second piano-forte, which was played by Miss Ingersoll. The audience was an interested one, and gave evidence of a full appreciation. I have a number of times spoken of the impression that Mr. Liebling's playing left with me, and I still retain my opinion that he must be classed with the brilliant rather than the sentimental players. His technique is adequate for very difficult work, and there is a certain brilliancy about his playing that pleases an audience. In the more delicate phases of art, where the deep meanings of sentiment are to be interpreted, there seems to be much that is lacking in his playing. Gradations of tone are there, and many passages are given with a graceful intent; but it seems like meeting the music from the outside and adding to it an outside polish, instead of making the inner meaning seem a living reality. In a simple word, it is music as movement that I hear rather than a soulful utterance that breathes out tone-pictures which touch the emotional nature and quicken it into sympathetic life. Yet I am glad that Mr. Liebling, amid his many duties as teacher, finds time to prepare these recitals for the public, for we have far too little of this kind of music in our city.

The last Chamber Concert given by Miss Ingersoll, Messrs. Lewis and Eichheim, offered the following programme:—

Quartet, Drei Tanze, Op. 24. . . . . Bargiel.  
Ländler. — Menuet. — Springtanz.  
(Misses Ingersoll and Lewis. Messrs. Lewis and Eichheim.)

Sonata, in G minor. . . . . Hauptmann.  
(Miss Ingersoll and Mr. Lewis.)

Quatuor, for Strings, Op. 192, No. 2. . . . . Raff.  
(First time in Chicago.)  
Die Müllerin. — Die Mühle.

(Messrs. Lewis, Muhlenberg, Meyer, Eichheim.)  
Quintet, Op. 114. . . . . Rheinberger.  
(First time in Chicago.)  
Adagio. — Scherzo.

(Miss Ingersoll, Messrs. Lewis, Muhlenberg, Meyer, and Eichheim.)

It will be seen at a glance that the modern school of music was given a hearing on this occasion. Yet the performance proved to be very interesting, for it gave us the opportunity of hearing what some of the composers of to-day are doing for art. The performers played *con amore*, and the hour was very enjoyable.

At the present time we are having what are termed popular concerts from Miss Emma Thursby and troupe. On Friday Evening the first performance in Chicago of Gilmore's "heaven-inspired National Hymn," called "Columbia" was said to be the attraction. For over a week all our street-cars and other public places have been filled with bombastic circulars, ornamented with wood cuts of Miss Thursby and the composer of the above mentioned "heaven-inspired hymn." At last, with the assistance of a chorus, mostly composed of our dignified Apollo Club, under the direction of Mr. Tonlins, with Miss Thursby to sing a solo and a dramatic reader to make the words understood, the "heaven inspired" production has been given a hearing. As I looked over the doggerel, called by courtesy an ode, I could but wonder what our fair land had done that she should be forced to submit to being sung about in such a manner. Are there no poets left to sing, or have the Muses hushed their sweet voices forever, and are these inharmonious measures the last echoes of a lost art? And the music! If it is thus that the heavenly angels sing to Mr. Gilmore in that silent hour when inspiration lifts the soul beyond the busy rush of worldly toil into the sphere of beauty's enchantment, then I am thankful to be a common mortal, and commune with the spirit of art as I find it upon the earth. When we view this "heavenly inspired hymn" from the rational standpoint, and observe that a very common-place and badly written musical theme is repeated three times in a single verse, and that we are expected to sing a number of stanzas before the patriotic lines are finished, we feel something akin to madness filling the mind. And yet there is a thought of eternity in it after all, for the one little theme goes on forever and forever. It was rather an amusing sight to see a chorus of a hundred or more of our best singers, Miss Thursby, and Mr. Tonlins, with a dramatic reader striving to find the meaning of the text, all engaged in trying to interpret Mr. Gilmore's "Columbia" to a very large audience. The sensational might win a few dollars for the enthusiastic young manager of our New Music Hall for one evening, but the good sense of our community will be slow in admitting that music or

America was honored by such an exhibition. It seems to me that the time is not far distant when our people will realize that the bombastic announcements made by concert managers are not to be depended upon, and that they will use their own judgment in such matters. That the performance of this so-called hymn fell perfectly flat, was in itself a lesson to the management, and also to our chorus singers. A dignified society like the Apollo Club, which has always given itself to what is best in art, should refuse to allow its members to take part in such sensational exhibitions. Miss Thursby sang a number of selections that have been upon her concert programmes for years, but with such brilliancy as to win the applause of her audience. Miss Amy Fay played some selections from Bach, Chopin, Schuman, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and Liszt, and helped to give a little suggestion of real music to the very miscellaneous programmes.

At one of the recent chamber concerts at Hershey Music Hall we had this little programme:—

Pastoral-Sonata (Manuscript). . . . . Henry Schoenfeld.  
I. Allegro giusto. (In the Green.) II. Andante  
con moto. (Serenade.) III. Scherzo. (Country Dance.) IV. Rondo. (Allegro moderato).  
(Festival.)

(Pianoforte and Violin.)  
Messrs. Schoenfeld and Lewis.  
Song: "There is a green hill far away" . . . . . Gounod.  
Miss May Phoenix.  
First Trio in D minor, Op. 49. . . . . Mendelssohn.  
Messrs. Eddy, Lewis, and Eichheim.

The occasion was particularly interesting, inasmuch as a composition by Mr. Schoenfeld was to be performed for the first time in this city. This young gentleman has been home from his studies in Germany but a short time, and from what I have seen of his compositions I must frankly acknowledge that he is a musician of much talent. He wrote the work called "Eastern Idyll," for the prize competition at Cincinnati, and although it did not reach the first rank, yet it received an honorable mention, and was classed with the four works that the judges regarded as worthy of commendation. A letter from Mr. Thomas, as chairman of the committee, announced the fact. The Sonata that is on the above programme is a very melodious work, being well constructed, and interesting all through. The Andante is particularly beautiful, and contains a theme that is very melodious, and yet tender in its sweetness. Whatever this young gentleman writes seems to be musical in character, and there is no striving for vain effects. After the manner of many of the imitators of the so-called "music of the future," if he remains loyal to the forms of pure art he will make a name for himself as a composer of more than ordinary merit.

C. H. B.

#### LOCAL NOTES.

THE programme of the Harvard Symphony Concert for last Thursday included: the Overture "Weihe des Hauses," Beethoven; Rec. and Prayer of Penelope, from "Odysseus," Max Bruch, sung by Miss May Bryant; Piano Concerto, No. 2, Saint-Saëns, played by Mme. Rivé-King; Symphony No. 4, in B-flat, Beethoven; Songs; Oetel, Mendelssohn, by all the strings.—The next programme, for March 11, will be found in our advertising columns.

—Herr Joseffy has recovered the use of his fingers, so that the concerts, which Mr. Peck has twice been obliged to postpone, will take place, with the programmes originally announced, on the evenings of March 11 and 12, and the afternoon of Saturday, March 13, with the Philharmonic Orchestra, in the Boston Music Hall.

—Miss Henrietta Maurer, the talented young pianist, who studied for several years in Moscow, announces two Matinées for Mondays, March 1 and 8, at Mechanics Hall. She will be assisted by Mrs. Marchington, Soprano, Mrs. Richardson, Soprano, Miss Lillian Shattuck, Violin, Sig. V. Cirillo, Baritone, Mr. B. Listemann, violin, and Mr. T. P. Currier, accompanist. The programmes are full of interesting matter.

—We have no hesitation in commending to the attention of all good music lovers the complimentary concert to be given next Saturday evening, March 6, at Union Hall, to Miss Teresa Careno Campbell, a young and highly gifted violinist, who has already acquired much skill upon her instrument, and won the sympathy of many friends. She can play that heavenly Aria from Bach's Suite in D with a style and feeling which any one can enjoy after hearing it by Wieniawski and Wilhelmj, and she is equal to the difficulties of Wieniawski's brilliant Polonaise. Her sister, Miss Mary Campbell, an excellent pianist, will take part in the concert; and she will also be assisted by Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen, soprano; Mr. B. J. Lang, who will play one of the Chopin Scherzos; Mr. Edward Bowditch in songs by Franz; and Messrs. Allen, Fries, and Heindl in a Quartet by Haydn; also Mr. C. L. Capen as accompanist. One object of the concert is to enable this young girl to procure a violin worthy of her talent.

—Prof. J. K. Paine, of Harvard College, contemplates a series of chamber concerts in Boylston Hall, on the college grounds, before the close of the present season. The students are becoming more and more interested in good music, and the Professor's classes in harmony, counterpoint, musical history, etc., are much fuller than they have ever been before.



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